

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1820.

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THE REFLECTOR.

GRATITUDE. Gratitude is an amiable feeling, a lovely virtue. There is no surer indication of depravity than its absence. And on the other hand, wherever it is manifested there is some goodness of heart—some amableness of disposition. The best proof of which we can give, that we are sensible of our obligation to the Almighty, is our obedience to his commandments, and the performance of our duty. This is the great test of the sincerity of our gratitude. A son proves himself grateful to his father for his support and instruction, by consulting his wishes, and by making such an improvement of his opportunities, as to confer an honour upon the hand which furnished them. Our heavenly Father requires a similar return. He has given us capacities, and he demands their exertion; faculties, and he looks for their cultivation; opportunities, and he calls for their improvement. What is the value of feeling, if it be not manifested in virtue?

BEAUTY. If utility always affords gratification, and a beautiful object pleases by its usefulness, as well as by its colour and form, or if any sensation be always grateful, and this be found among the pleasures, which a beautiful object affords, it would seem natural that utility and a power of producing agreeable sensations, should be ranked among the constituent elements of beauty.

PRIDE. The love of praise has been wisely implanted in the human soul; it is the crowning wreath which urges industry to attain perfection, and excites our anxious endeavors to place the gifts of nature and the embellishments of art, in the most pleasing point of view.

THE BALL.

"This evening is too beautiful to be past in a ball room," said Rose, as she looked from the window upon the dark clouds from which the rising moon was bursting into glory.

"Do not let me look upon it then, my nature-loving cousin, for it will make me half repent my evening's engagement; but I do anticipate pleasure, nay, happiness," said Helen, twining a wreath of roses round her dark hair.

"Time has been when I too have sought for happiness at a ball," replied Rose; "but think you I found it, Helen?"

"And why not, dear Rose? where are there such glad and happy looks? where the joyous lightness of step?—then the music! ask me tomorrow, and hear me declare my enjoyment. But do not look so sorrowful, that sigh will haunt me all night—I wish I could persuade you to join us," said Helen affectionately.

"And why should I?—the charm in which such scenes once bound my heart, has long ceased its influence. Think of me quietly seated at home, far happier than the joyous forms around you. You, my cousin, have anticipations bright before you—hopes of the future tinged with all the loveliness of a heart untouched by sorrow; but may they not be as easily darkened as mine have been? O, had we nothing to lean upon but these, all earth-stained as they are, how soon would the heart that trusted in them be broken by the bitterness of disappointment."

"You make me feel serious, Rose, and I half wish this ball was not to be—but listen, 'tis the sound of wheels—good night," and Helen sprang into the carriage, and was whirled with rapidity to the gayest of scenes. The lights, the music, the gaiety that rested on the faces of all her friends, seemed to banish Rose and thought from her mind. Helen was beautiful and graceful. She chained attention—her favourite dances were chosen and every one seemed anxious to secure her for a partner. She danced with all the gladness and animation of youth; and she looked as if happiness was in her heart but it vainly sought for a resting-place there. The gay scene around her could not lull the chord of reflection that Rose had awakened.

"Twas past 'the witching time of night' ere Helen left the ball-room—wearied and dispirited she sought her home, where her cousin awaited her. Rose was struck forcibly by the contrast between the gay creature who had left her a few hours before and the dejected girl that now stood before her. "Has my dear Helen realized all her bright anticipations? or has she so soon found that pleasures ever elude the grasp of all its worshippers?"

"And where did I seek it, Rose?" said Helen; "in a place where thought is banished, as something baneful to our happiness, where reflection is drowned by the voice of merriment, and where pleasure comes in all its ever varying forms to win the young heart's devotion when they should only be offered at the shrine of heaven."

"Continue not to think so, my cousin," said Rose with earnestness, her pale cheek tinged with the flush of joy—"O, but look upon the frail and changing pleasures of this world as mutable as the flowers of summer, that arrest our attention with their rainbow colours, but like that 'arch of promise,' fade into nothingness and air. Think of the world whose joys are unchanging—seek as earnestly for pleasure there, as your thoughtless heart has taught you to seek for it here, and believe me, there you will find true happiness!"

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM AN ENGLISH JOURNAL.

THE DISINTERMENT. A SKETCH.

On a fine day in the month of June, a funeral procession issued from the park-gates of Woodley Hall, in the county of Gloucester. The poor inhabitants of the neighbouring village hovered about the train with mute reverence; paying the last sad testimony of respect and affection to one, who had been endeared to them by many acts of kindness and solicitude. They were following to its cold home the corpse of Eliza, wife of Sir William Fanshaw.

Never was there a lovelier summer day than the one appointed for this dismal ceremony. The trees looked proudly in the lustiness of their young green; the dark blue of the sky was unspotted by a single cloud; and the sun shot out his sultry strength, making the birds wanton and noisy with the exuberance of their joy.

Alas! what was all this glory of nature to the sad company who were moving along the road, thinking of the tomb, and the premature death of that young, beautiful, and virtuous one whom they were conveying thither? How could they enjoy the quick carols of the birds, when the deathbell, gaining in strength as they proceeded, smote their ears and startled their secret sorrowing with its measured and obstinate recurrence? The glad colour of the grass and of the leaves was not in harmony with their mourning garments; and the vital sun could scarcely be rejoiced in, shining as it did on their tears, and on that dark slow moving hearse.

The service for the burial of the dead is not easily endured by even an unconnected auditor: so oppressive is the obscure and gloomy imagination in which it is written. What then must our mourners have felt, (their loss being unexpected and sorely affecting,) when the priest, meeting the dull coffin at the church-porch, walked on before it, repeating his solemn words? Then the agony of grief burst forth in sobs and hysterics; and then did the dreary thought arise, that there was nothing but corruption and mortification in the world.

But we are slaves of circumstances; for these ideas, which seem to lie down immovably in despair, were soon lifted into happy aspirations on the swell of the organ's sounds; and the cottagers who stood moodily in the church-yard while the service continued, were also relieved by the music, and blest it as it trembled out into the sunny air.

When the lady of whom I write was stricken with illness, which was only a week before her death, she begged her husband to bring her the gold chain and locket enclosing her hair, which he had given her before their marriage. This she hung round her neck, and soothed her weary and painful hours, with contemplating it, and, by force of the associations of ideas it excited, living again in times gone by. One evening she beckoned Sir William, who was sitting in her chamber, to her side, and said:—"Reach me your hand, my dear husband. I am growing much worse. I feel a perilous sinking in my frame, and death is in my thoughts. If this be nothing more than womanly timidity, bear with it, dearest, for my sake, and give me courage by staying by my side through the night."

"Be comforted, my love," replied her husband. "This weakness is common enough. You will be better in the morning; and in the mean time I shall not stir from your bed. You will talk to me in a different manner when, after you have had a good sleep, I shall show you the cheerful sun-light stealing on the lawn. I see even now your eyes are closing; compose yourself therefore, dear one, and sleep."

The chamber was hushed; the patient lay still, and seemed in so profound a repose, that her breathing was not heard. The curtains were softly adjusted round her bed; and Sir William, happy and full of favourable omens in the idea that his wife had at length a remission of pain, took a book, and, fixing as much attention on it as he could command, wore the night hours away. Every thing within and without continued in deep stillness, broken only towards the morning by the pleasant sound of awakening nature, which might be heard in so removed a place—the shrill birds, the wheeling hum of the bees darting from their hive in the garden below, and the leaves dallying with the morning breath.—These, together with the strong white lines which intersected the shutters, admonished Sir William and the nurse of the time their patient had slept. The light was therefore admitted into the room, and they looked into the bed.

"How is this?" said Sir William. "She has not moved a hair's breadth since we saw her last night. Good God! how pale her face and lips are! Heaven grant that all may be well; but I tremble under my fears. Go instantly, and bring the Physician."

The Physician came; he was alarmed at her appearance; a feather was placed on her lips, and Sir William bent with keen eyes over it. It did not move. Alas! alas! her spirit had passed away, while her husband, sitting close to her, was congratulating himself on the prospect of her recovery.

She must have stirred once in the night, though it was done with such gentleness as not

to be perceived; for one of her hands was found inside her garments pressing the locket, of which I have spoken, on her naked breast.

I will not attempt to describe the swelling of her husband's heart, and the gush of his tears, when this touching instance of her love was made known to him. His soul brooded over it night and day. He saw in her action the wish she had not strength to utter in words, and determining it should not be violated, gave directions that she should be placed in her coffin without disturbing the locket or her hand.

It will be readily imagined that so affecting a circumstance could not escape being much talked of, and, as in these cases no particulars are ever omitted, the value of the trinket, which was set round with brilliants, found a place in the story.

The Sexton of the Church containing the family vault was one of the persons to whom this anecdote became known, and he was not long in conceiving a plan by which he might possess himself of the buried jewels, which glittered so temptingly in his mind's eye. I do not think he would have meditated a common theft, a theft capable of injuring any living creature; nay, although he was in business, he was never known to practise any of the usual tricks or deceptions of trade. He was a charitable, well meaning man; but he could not comprehend the sentiment which ordained those love-tokens to lie in hallowed immovability on a dead breast. It was in his opinion a silly waste of treasure; no harm could come of his appropriating it; and he therefore determined that on the night of the funeral he would enter the vault, open the coffin, and remove the jewels. The Church was well situated for his purpose: it stood apart from the village to which it belonged, and was a solitary edifice in the midst of fields.

Behold him then in the darkness of the night with his lantern at the lone church door. He unlocks it and passes in. He was at first rather awe-struck by the dead stillness, the sudden cold smell so different from the genial air without, and the vacant pews standing in deep shadow like melancholy and drear recesses. The nature of his office had given him a familiarity with the building, but had not worn away the idea in his mind of its sacredness, and he quaked to think that it should be the spot where he was to perpetrate the first deed in his life which he would be ashamed to own. As he went along the aisle with his lamp, the white tombstones on the walls glared as it were reproachfully upon him one by one, and his perturbation was increased by the dart of a bat close to his face. He almost regretted he had come, but he went on nevertheless, and passed into the lady's sepulchre.

Having laid down his lamp upon a coffin close by, he proceeded with his instruments to take off the lid of the one he sought, which was soon effected. This was the first moment of real resolution and terror. The sight of the corpse laying there by that dim light in the heavy stillness of death, with its white and placid countenance, made his heart swell and his nerves powerless. The sublimity of the sight made him feel the meanness of his action with double force; he almost fainted, and, with the intention of abandoning the business he returned into the body of the church. There he supported himself for a time, while the coolness of the air refreshed him, and he was about to depart, when recollecting that the lid of the coffin should be replaced, he summoned a strong effort, and went again into the vault for that purpose.

But the sight of the corpse was not now so awful to him as before. The consternation had done its utmost. There was an imperceptible return of the original intention in his mind, and by a quick effort he lifted the body, drew the chain over the head, disengaged the locket from under the hand, and then lowered the corpse again into its place. As he did this, the arm which before lay upon the breast, fell with a strange flexibility over the side of the coffin, and a faint sigh came from the body.

Had a thunder clap broken in upon the silence, the man would not have been more staggered than he was at this little sight. He rushed hastily forth, left the sepulchre unclosed, and opened the church door to go out; when as if to increase his bewilderment, the first thing which met his eyes was the great moon lifting itself in the unabated power of its light over the horizon's edge. It shone right opposite, and seemed looking at and coming to expose him. He did not dare to lift his eyes again; but, without stopping even to lock up the church, he flew over the fields, pursued by his fears.

It was at this time about eleven o'clock. The domestics at Woodley Hall had not yet retired to rest. Their minds were agitated and unsettled by the funeral; and they found relief in sitting up together, and talking over the circumstances connected with their lady's illness and sudden death. With hearts so full, they could not endure the silence of their chambers, and it would have been vain to try to sleep; therefore about the time I have just mentioned, they left their room and dull candles, to go out under the portico of the house, and enjoy the balmy night air, and the bright moon.

The subject of their talk continued the same; the youth of their lady, her gentleness, her unaccountable illness, the sublime testimony she

gave of her love even in the grasp of death; and then of what would become of their heart-broken master, who had been secluded in his room all day, scarcely admitting any one even to bring him needful refreshment, when one of them with a low voice said:—"What can that white thing be which is fluttering about the beech trees there at the farthest end of the long walk?" They looked and nothing was seen. It was, however, only leaf hidden for a time, for presently it emerged altogether from the obscurity of the trees, and they saw it plainly enough.

The walk was about a quarter of a mile in length. The object advanced down it, and soon a fearful sight was seen by the company under the portico; an apparently human figure with long trailing white garments, staggering, and stumbling across the open park at that solemn hour, and under the keen moonlight.

They did not stop to see any more; but, hastening to their master's room, told him what they had witnessed.

He answered them with his faint voice from within:—"Go to rest, my friends, go to rest.—Your minds are disturbed; and to tell you the truth, my own is too much subdued just now to bear the telling of such things. Shut up the house; good night."

But they all persisted so strenuously in avouching the truth of what they had stated, that Sir William came from his chamber and said he would go with them into the park; and see whether the apparition was yet visible. Poor man! he was at this time ill calculated to dissipate the terror which had taken hold of his servants. Sorrow, want of food, long privation of sleep, the dismal business of the day, and then this phantom story, had almost bewildered his faculties, and he descended the stairs trembling and uncollected.

Before they had reached the bottom, one of the servants cried out with a wild voice, "Look, Sir, look!"

Sir William cast his eyes downwards, and lo! there, upon the cold stone floor of the hall, lay a figure entangled in unseemly clothes, moaning and sobbing naturally. The face was partially exposed. Sir William saw it. His faculties seemed suddenly scattered, for in a confused manner he dropped on his knees by the side of the figure, and there remained a few moments with clasped hands, and vacant and immovable looks. At length a weak, faltering female voice was heard:—

"I am afraid I have done wrong," it said, "but I must have been in a dream; do not be angry with me."

"God! God! my wife!—How is this?—No, no, it cannot be. She is in her tomb!—and yet this countenance, and these grave clothes strike away my senses with wonder!—Eliza, Eliza!—She cannot speak again. Yet she is not quite cold. What can this mysterious visitation portend?—Eliza! Let me once more hear that voice. Silent! Silent!—Lift her up. Look, it is herself, her own self; her lips move; and see her poor face is wet with tears. God alone knows how this can come to pass; but I will thank him for it forever. There, gently, lay her in my arms, and some one go before me with a light."

It was indeed his wife whom he embraced. He carried her to his chamber, laid her in the bed, and ordered warm restoratives to be prepared. These he administered himself, and she slept for two hours. On awaking, she said:—

"Are you there, my dear? Let me hear you speak. Something strange has happened to me, I am sure. Have I been delirious? I wish they had watched me better: for I am certain that I have been wandering out in the open air. It terrifies me to think of it. The dream I have had since I saw you, dear husband, last night, presses on me with an intolerable sense of reality. It must have been those ghastly visions which scared me out of the house in my sleep. I am full of pain. My feet are sore and bleeding. Reach me your hand, and comfort me with your voice. I fancied that I was just now staying obstinately and yet unwilling in a painful, dreary, dark place, and was startled there by a sudden rush of cold wind. I seemed to fall many times and to bruise myself exceedingly in endeavoring to struggle out towards the light. This must have been a dream; but I am certain I have been wandering out of doors in my sleep, for I thought I should have gone mad when my perceptions came to me, and I found myself alone, bare footed, and the wide and silent park stretching far around me. I have endeavored, but it is in vain, to recollect any circumstance connected with my leaving the house."

Her husband shook from head to foot at this. The coffin and the hearse swam instantly in his eyes. He was sick at heart with the oppression of mystery, but he looked at his wife again and blessed Heaven.

Having addressed a few cheering words to her, and promising not to leave her side, he exhorted her to be composed and to endeavor to sleep.

In the morning the whole thing was explained. Some rustics passing by the church had observed it to be open, and going in saw that one of the family vaults was unclosed, and that there was an empty coffin in it. This information they carried forthwith to the sexton, who, alarmed at the probability of being detected, (as

Some one might have seen him escaping by the moonlight, and fearing that his guilt would seem greater than it was, went to Woodley Hall, and confessed the whole business, making a restitution of the lock, but declaring that he knew nothing whatever of the removal of the corpse. He was readily enough forgiven, and I believe rewarded. It was plain now that Lady Fanshawe had been buried in a trance. It was now of the utmost consequence that the subject of the interment should be kept from her knowledge. The sexton was enjoined to silence; but it was not so easy to quell the tongues of the village. Besides, when the lady recovered sufficiently to go out, every object she saw in the direction of the church perplexed her with some dim and uncomfortable reminiscence. She might some day stumble on the truth, and Sir William, in fear of this, sold his estate, and purchased another in a distant part of the country. In this latter place Lady Fanshawe gave birth to a large family, and lived many years with her husband in health and comfort.

John Randolph.

Those who never have heard this far famed, highly gifted and extraordinary man deliver one of his free speeches, or rather "long talks," cannot entertain any thing like a tolerably correct idea either of his manner or his matter. The first cannot be placed upon paper, and no other than a master in the histrionic art, some one like Mathews, can fairly represent it; and the second, if put down exactly as delivered—word for word, with all the pauses, nods and motions, would seem no other than a broad caricature of what he did say; to at least ninety-nine such persons out of a hundred. Many of his speeches are written out and placed into his hands for revision, and when not so, no regular reporter would risk his own reputation for fidelity, by giving the thousand expletives and sharply pointed and rough words, with which these speeches, or talks, abound. The subjects touched by him are, no doubt, correctly set forth; but the whole that he says never is published, and for the reason above stated—not that Mr. R. would shrink from any responsibility on account of words used, but because of the repetition and redundancy of his words, with his innumerable "yes, sirs," and "no, sirs." Now and then, however, he delivers a sentence perhaps no other man can, direct to his purpose, beautiful in its construction, and with something that is pleasing even in its asperity—which interests even in its rudeness, or wanton attack, upon private or defenceless individuals; and, in general, it is in severe invective, or desultory conversation, that he excels—and in these, indeed, he wonderfully excels. He rarely attempts what would be called a regular argument, and to dwell for one hour upon any subject is not to be expected of him. Nine-tenths of his long speeches just as well apply to a discussion about the constitutional powers of Congress to make a road, as to the case of John Smith, or the long disputed claim about Amy Darden's studhorse; and hence it is that, on one occasion, last week, the Senate was left without a quorum to adjourn, and on another that there were hardly a dozen senators in their seats, at least one of whom appeared to be pretty soundly asleep, and for nearly an hour, towards the close of the setting. Though frequent opportunities have occurred, it is several years since I listened to Mr. Randolph even for half an hour at a time; but on the 2d inst. I spent thirty-five minutes in the Senate while he was speaking. What he said during that period, if fully reported, would fill from two to 3 pages of this work—I mean, if all the words that he used were printed. I had been told that the bankrupt bill was before the Senate—but during the time stated, he never, to the best of my recollection, mentioned, or even remotely alluded to it, or any of its parts, in any manner whatsoever. The following is a faithful account of the chief subjects that he talked about. I do not pretend to give his words, unless here and there; but as to the substance of what he did say, I am not mistaken, if substance there was in his remarks.

When I entered the chamber, he was giving out a plan to make a bank, by persons resolved to become "reg-easies." Well—sir—we agree to make a bank. You subscribe 10,000 dollars, you 10,000, and you 10 or 20,000, and so on, [looking toward the different members.] Then we borrow some notes, or make up the capital out of our own promissory notes. Next we buy ex iron chest for safety against fire and against thieves—but the latter was wholly unnecessary—who would steal our paper, sir? All being ready, we issue bills—I wish I had one of them—[holding his up]—lets it through he expected to find one—like the Owl Creek bank or Washington and Warren, black or red—I think, sir, they begin with "I promise to pay"—yes, promise to pay, sir—promise to pay. He dwelt upon this making of a bank for about five minutes, and then said something concerning Unitarians in religion and politics, making a dash at the President and the administration, mentioning also Sir Robert Walpole, in a way that I do not recollect. Then he spoke of the Bible, and expressed his disgust at what are called "family Bibles," though he thought no family safe or would flourish without a Bible—but not of an American edition! Those published by the stationers company of London, ought only, or chiefly, to have authority, except those from the presses of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He described these corporations briefly: they would be fined £10,000 sterling, if they should leave the word out of the seventh commandment, however convenient it might be to some or agreeable to others, [looking directly at certain members, and half-turning himself round to the ladies.] He never bought an American edition of any book. He had no faith in their accuracy. He wished all his books to have Cadell's imprint—Cadell, of the Strand, London. But people were liable to be cheated. He had bought a copy of Aristotle's Ethics to present to a lady,—to a lady, sir, who could understand them—yes, sir—and he found it full of errors, though it had Cadell's imprint—which he gave us to understand was a forgery. From the Bible he passed to Shakespeare, or rather mingled the holy writings with the productions of the poet, preferring each nearly equally, and drubbing some one, that he named, most soundly, for having had the impudence to publish a "family Shakespeare;" and he made a quotation from his favorite author. He next jumped on the American "Protestant Episcopal church," and vehemently disavowed all connexion with it—declaring that he belonged to the Church of Old England. He told us that he was baptised by a man regularly authorized by the bishop of London who had laid his hands upon him, [laying his own hands on the head of the gentleman next to him,] and he spoke warmly of the character of the bishop and of the priest who had baptised him, wishing that the latter might have lived to perform the last office for him. Then, as in reference to the Episcopal church, he gave something as a quotation from a part of the service, beginning with "Then that"—as reproaching its grammar, and implying that no good man could belong to a church which used such language! Suddenly, he spoke about wine—it was often mentioned in the Bible, and he approved of the drinking of it—if in a gentlemanly way—at the table—not in the closet—

not in the closet; but as to whiskey, he demanded that any one should shew him the word in the Bible—it was not there. No, sir, you can't find it in the whole book. Next, or shortly after this, he spoke of his land, saying that he had it by a royal grant, with which he seemed greatly pleased—but, in a minute or two, was speaking of the "men of Kent," in England, saying that Kent had never been conquered by William the Conqueror, but had made terms with him, and in consequence, when the militia of England are called to the field, the men of Kent are entitled to the front rank. He spoke of a song which had been made on the "men of Kent," which, I think, he said he would give a thousand pounds to have been the author of. He was apparently about to rehearse or sing it—when, being close to Mr. Randolph, and within three or four steps of the door, I hastily retreated and left the chamber, wondering what "the men of Kent" and William the Conqueror had to do with the royal grant by which Mr. Randolph held his land, or what relation that tenure had to the bill before the Senate to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy; and thinking that to eat my dinner was an affair as interesting, at half past 3 o'clock, as to hear a song about the "men of Kent."

Nile's Weekly Register.

LAWS OF MAINE.

AN additional ACT to prevent the destruction of Fish in Denny's River and Pinnaquan.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That the several provisions of an Act, passed February third, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, entitled "An Act to prevent the destruction of the fish called Salmon and Alewives, on Denny's river and Pinnaquan, in the County of Washington," be, and they hereby are extended to the towns of Charlotte, Baring and Cooper, and to the Plantation number fourteen, so far as they may be applicable thereto; and said towns and plantation shall have the same rights and powers to prevent the destruction of the fish aforesaid in their waters, as are granted in the Act aforesaid to the town of Dennyville and Plantation number ten; and all persons offending against the provisions aforesaid, shall be subject to such penalties, and such proceedings shall thereupon be had, as are directed and prescribed in the Act aforesaid, subject to the restrictions and limitations therein contained.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 4, 1826.]

AN ACT to set off certain inhabitants from Steuben to Cherryfield.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That John Patten and others, now included within the limits of the town of Steuben, be, and they hereby are, together with their polls and estates, annexed to the town of Cherryfield, so far as their estates may be comprehended within the limits of a line described as follows: beginning at the northeast corner of Steuben, and running west, five hundred and thirty-six rods on Cherryfield line; thence south, one hundred rods; thence west, twenty rods; thence south, eighty-eight rods; thence east, fifty-one rods; thence south, one hundred rods; thence east, eight rods; thence south, one hundred rods; thence east, sixteen rods; thence south, one hundred rods; thence east, forty-eight rods; thence south, two hundred sixty-four rods; thence east, sixty-four rods; thence south, one hundred thirty-six rods; thence east, one hundred twenty-eight rods; thence south, one hundred sixty rods; thence east, one hundred rods; thence north, fifty-six rods; thence east, one hundred and seventy-two rods, to the eastern line of Steuben; thence running north, on the line between Harrington and Steuben, to the first mentioned point: Provided however, That the persons hereby set off from said town of Steuben and annexed to Cherryfield, shall be holden to pay all taxes assessed against them in said town of Steuben, prior to the passing of this Act.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 6, 1826.]

AN ACT to set off Cornelius Thompson, and his estate, from Bowdoin to Lisbon.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That Cornelius Thompson, together with his estate and polls, at the time of the passing of this Act, lying, or having been assessed for taxes, in the town of Bowdoin, be, and the same hereby are set off from the town of Bowdoin aforesaid, and annexed to the town of Lisbon; saving and excepting that part of the estate of said Cornelius Thompson, and now in his possession, which is called and known by the name of the Tracy lot: Provided however, That said Cornelius shall be held to pay all taxes now assessed upon him, or his estate, in said town of Bowdoin, previous to the passing of this Act.

[Approved by the Governor, Jan. 31, 1826.]

AN ACT to establish the divisional line between the towns of Lisbon, Lewiston and Green.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That a line lately surveyed by Joseph Norris, Esquire, as the divisional line between the Plymouth Company and the Pejopscot Proprietors, and a line commencing at the southwest termination thereof, and running southwest to Androscoggin river, be, and the same hereby is established, as the true line, dividing the towns of Lisbon and Lewiston, in the County of Lincoln; and that the line as surveyed by the said Norris, shall also be the dividing line, between the towns of Lisbon, in the County of Lincoln, and Green, in the County of Kennebec: Provided however, That all taxes now assessed on polls and estates, in the several towns above mentioned, shall be levied and collected in the same manner and form, as if this Act had never been passed.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 6, 1826.]

AN ACT for the relief of School Districts in Norridgewock and Mercer.

SECT. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, That the inhabitants of School District number twelve, in Norridgewock, and the inhabitants of School District number five, in Mercer, both in the County of Somerset, be, and they hereby are authorized and empowered, for the more convenient support and management of their schools, to unite in the erection of a school house, at such place, in either of said Districts, as the inhabitants of both said Districts may agree upon. And said school house, so erected or occupied, may be used and maintained in common, by the inhabitants of said Districts, for their common benefit, so long as they shall agree thereto; and the inhabitants aforesaid, shall have all the powers and privileges, incident by law to School Districts.

SECT. 2. Be it further enacted, That the monies raised, assessed and collected in each of said Districts, shall be applied to the support of a school in one place, for the common use and benefit of the inhabitants of both said Districts, so long as they shall agree thereto.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 7, 1826.]

The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbour with like passions; and by the general frailty hides his own.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1826.

The Court of Common Pleas is now in session. This term is held by Justice PENHAM.—There are not, we believe, many important cases for trial at this time; we shall, probably, give some further account respecting them in our next.

Fires. During the recent dry weather fires have done much damage, especially to woodlands and fences. Several buildings have been burnt in the towns of Greenwood, Peru, Bethel, and in Plantation No. 1, Abram. Inkley lost his house, store, grist, saw and clover mill: In Berlin also there were some buildings burnt.—The County of Somerset has also suffered severely. We learn by Lt. Charles Pike, of Freemant, that Messrs. Israel and John Haskell had their house and barn burnt together with most of their contents. Loss estimated at \$700. A barn belonging to Mark D. Wellcome, with 25 bushels of wheat, and the house of Mr. Erastus Foster were also burnt: these buildings were all situated in one neighbourhood. In New-Portland three houses and three barns were destroyed with the larger part of their contents. In North Salem, one house and three barns were burnt; and from what we can gather from all accounts, it has been with great difficulty that many other buildings have been preserved from destruction by this devouring element.

Another. The Cabinet-Maker's Shop, owned and occupied by Lt. Daniel Noble, in this town, was destroyed by fire on Monday morning last. Lt. Noble carried some fire into the shop, left it for a few minutes, and during his absence it probably caught in the shavings, and in a very short time the whole building was enveloped in flames. The loss is probably between four and five hundred dollars. No insurance.

ANOTHER FIRE IN PORTLAND. We learn by a gentleman from Portland, that that town was visited again by a very destructive fire on Sunday morning last. It was first discovered about two o'clock, and was supposed to have been communicated from a Barber's shop on Fore-street, near Cross-street; and as the wind was very high, it spread with appalling fury until it destroyed nearly thirty buildings, situated on Cross, Fore, and Union-streets—a very small proportion of which, we understand, was insured. The loss is estimated at from fifty to sixty thousand dollars. The above is a hasty outline of the particulars which have come to our knowledge—we shall furnish them in detail in our next.

GREEN PEAS, were sold in the Boston market last week at four dollars the bushel. We had some given us on the first inst.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS. Congress have ordered the Documents to be printed which relate to the Claims the United States have on France. It is said they will weigh twenty-six and a half pounds. Should they be sent by mail to members of Congress, after sixty days from its adjournment, the postage would be worth something.

GAMBLING AGAIN. We published in our last statement, specifying that there was a gambling table kept in the President's house, which cost fifty dollars. An establishment of this kind which cost no more than this sum, must be, in our estimation, a miserable one—even for this County, should our Hon. Court of Sessions think proper to order one procured; and why should not each State be furnished at the expense of the State, and the several Counties at their expense? It is said that the game of Chess is both instructive and amusing. Why then so much fuss because President Adams has a billiard table and chessmen? He is not the first President who has kept it: but we suspect that the item of expense for it was put down a little differently—perhaps under some other head, as a certain Member of Congress, who purchased whiskey to drink, and had it charged as stationary; or the Preacher who bought a glass of rum at the store, and had it charged as tea. It is said, however, that the Hon. member who discovered this charge among the several items of expense to furnish the President's house, was under some little mistake—as the table cost five hundred dollars, instead of fifty. This sounds much better; if the President must have a billiard table at the expense of the Nation, let him have a good one—one of which he will not be ashamed; and not a mean looking thing, such as is kept in common gambling houses.

News. It is said by a gentleman who has just returned from Cuba, and of whose veracity there is no doubt, that the fog is so thick on that island, that a man may drive a nail into it and hang his hat upon it.

A GOOD ONE. Not long since a man in Vermont advertised that he wished his friends and cousins to suspend their visits to him for two years. Most people who have read this notice indulge a sympathetic feeling for the poor man—supposing that his relations and friends had "eat him out of house and home." But the truth of the matter is, he was sent to the State Prison for two years, and he did not wish to see his relations there, but we have no doubt he would be glad to see them at home, even before two years.

LARGE INCREASE. It is stated that seventeen years since, the entire population of Lechmore Point, consisted only of one old bachelor, and two old maids. There are now three hundred and ninety children in the village.

Look Over. The following Circular has been addressed to the several Post-masters in the United States, and we hope that some of them will give it a reading and note its contents—if they do not, we shall make the appeal that will have the necessary effect. This we are determined upon, as we frequently do not receive our exchange papers from Boston, until quite a week after they become due; and some of our subscribers do not get their paper for several days after it is due them. We advise such to make the trial recommended by the Post-master General: We are confident that the medicine which he would prescribe for them will correct the evil complained of.

CIRCULAR TO POST MASTERS.

Post-Office Department,
27th May, 1826.

Sir: Complaints have been lately made of the delay and sometimes loss of Newspapers sent by mail. These may be attributable in some cases, to the careless manner in which papers are prepared for the mail, but, in others, they are believed to arise from the inattention or design of Post Masters. It is feared that some of them are so forgetful of their duty, as to consult the convenience of contractors on horse routes, by retaining a part of the packets when the mail is so large that the usual number of bags cannot contain it. Others, it is said, being more culpable, retain newspapers to read them. A moment's reflection must convince every Post Master, guilty of either of these charges, that he trifles with the obligation imposed by his oath of office, and should be held responsible for such gross violation of duty.

Publishers of newspapers, and their subscribers, as well as Post Masters, are requested to report to the Department, all irregularities in the reception of papers forwarded in the mail, and an assurance is given, that where the irregularity shall be proved to have been produced by the negligence or design of any contractor, Post Master, or clerk, the most effectual steps shall be taken to prevent its recurrence.

It is often of as much importance to the public, and always as essential to the reputation of the mail, that newspapers should be as speedily and safely transmitted, as letters; and an individual who is inattentive to the former, is unworthy of being trusted with the latter. He is a stranger to that high incentive to duty, which arises from an ardent desire to elevate the character of the Department, by giving the utmost efficiency to its operations.

In the post-office law, it is provided that, "If any person employed in any Department of the post-office, shall improperly detain, delay, embezzle, or destroy any newspaper, or shall permit any other person to do the like, or shall open, or permit any other person to open, any mail or packet of newspapers, or shall embezzle or destroy the same, not being directed to such person, or not being authorized to receive or open the same, such offender shall, on conviction thereof, pay a sum not exceeding twenty dollars for every such offence."

At all offices where newspapers are mailed, Post Masters should see that they are properly put up and directed. None should be forwarded in the mail, except such as are secured by a substantial envelope, and have a legible superscription.

If this injunction were strictly observed, the number of failures would be greatly reduced. Under no circumstances, should any part of the mail be left on a route short of its destination. This may always be avoided, by Post Masters at the important offices, keeping one or more extra mail bags.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN MCLEAN.

Communications.

Mr. BARTON—As some of my friends may possibly think of placing me in nomination, as a Candidate for the Senate in Oxford, will you have the goodness to give information through the Observer, that while I gratefully appreciate their partiality towards me, I must request to be excused from being put in nomination for that place the present year.

Respectfully your obedient servant,
CORNELIUS HOLLAND.

Canton, June 10, 1826.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

To the Reverend James Hooper—

You are mistaken, sir, in supposing that I blame you for putting your name to your communications. By no means. A name often goes a great way with some people. It was, perhaps, good policy to do so. Worthless paper is, sometimes, considered of great value, only by putting a name on it. What a fine thing it is to have a name! In Surgery, it is said, the name alone of a Kistadee is sufficient to cure a cancer, or a broken neck. The name of Cæsar, or of Bonaparte would put whole armies to flight. So in matters of Religion, the name of Wesley, or of Hooper is almost synonymous with truth. How important was it then that you should add the weight of your name to the weight of your assertions. No; you cannot be blamed for that. What chance have I then to contend with you? An obscure individual—among the bushes—no real name—have to borrow one—lost my gun—and you have found it, no lock on it. Oh! Me miserable!

But you say, sir, that you are answerable for what you have published. Very well. Now look to the bottom of your communication—where you say that as you pay taxes, you have a right to think and express your thoughts without asking me, or any other man: This is equivalent to saying, "you are not answerable for what you publish." So it seems your gun has two locks to it: one at each end—and at war with one another: let them fight it out.

In the valuation of this State you say, the town of Paris is valued at 127,000 dollars.—You knew, and every body knew, that it was not pretended that this valuation showed the real value of property. It was not necessary to obtain the real value, but only the relative value of one town with another, in order to equalize the taxes. If they had called land, generally, through the State, worth but 10 cents an acre, and a horse worth 50 cents, it would have answered their purpose quite as well.—Living in the bushes as you say, I am not able to state what the town valuation is; but one of the assessors informs me that, as near as he can recollect, it exceeds 300,000 dollars, and that their valuation, they well know, falls far short of the truth. This is what I complain of; that

forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the
prayer of said Petition should not be granted.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy of the Petition and Order of Court there
on.
Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

POETRY.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THE beam of the mighty is mantled in night,
His glory is set in the blaze of its light,
His bowstring is shaftless, his spear is at rest,
His sabre unwavering, and sighless his breast.

The beauty of Jacob is laid in the dust,
His armour is broken, and canker'd with rust;
His eye is in darkness, a spot on its ray,
His vigour is death, and his bloom is decay.

The hills of Gilboa shall summer no more,
Jehovah's anointed bath stain'd them with gore;
Their trees shall be leafless, their verdure destroy'd,
Their altar a ruin, and nature a void.

Philistia, shall triumph—the pulse of the brave,
Whose thrill was destruction, is lost in the grave,
One spirit sublim'd them—adversity tried—
They existed in love, and in unity died.

Weep, daughters of Jacob, for Saul and his son;
Attune your bright harps to the deeds they have done;
The arm of the lion, the foot of the roe,
Weep, daughters of Jacob, be mighty in woe.

Oh, Jonathan! Jonathan! ghostless art thou,
There's gore on thy visage, and dust on thy brow;
Yet the angel of beauty is lingering by,
She revels in rapture and flits to the sky.

Yes, thou art a corse, but thy spirit's above,
Diverging in glory, and beaming in love;
And friendship is blasted and saintless her shrine,
My soul has no kindred, and anguish is mine.

—FROM THE BOSTON DAILY STATESMAN.

A RIDDLE.

SIMILAR TO LORD BYRON'S.

N I had never lived, the name
Of Franklin never had been known,
Nor trumpet's tongue, the voice of fame
Proclaimed the name of Washington.

Both kings and courtiers know me well,
I never quit the hero's side,
And tho' I ne'er with lovers dwell
I'm always present with the bride.

Wherever there is sickness, where
Distress of mind, and grief and pain
I'm e'er t'held most constant there,
For none than I has better claim.

Though oft in passion I have been,
I never was in anger seen,
My residence is not on earth,
And none can tell my age or birth.

When God awoke from deepest night
Old Chaos, with, "Let there be light,"
I sprang with life, in sight appeared,
Ere Chaos had the summons heard.

To even God himself was I
Unknown, but with divinity
Forever more 'tis mine to be
Rejoicing in felicity.

Ye who would know me, lift your eyes,
And see me seated in the skies,
Or where the vivid lightnings glare,
Seated midway in the air. J.

THE OLIO.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MYSTIFICATION.

Though the word "mystification" is somewhat the newest in our language, and not very old in the French, from which we have borrowed it, yet the thing it represents is by no means an affair of yesterday. Mystification is as old as Idleness, and Idleness is as old as Civilization, and Civilization as old as Triptolemus and his plough. From the remotest tradition, before History began to write, we hear of Mystifications and Mystifiers.

Turpin seems to have been born for the express purpose of humbugging all the world, and to have been what we call a first-rate wag. Happening to sit one day at church next to a jolly fat faced lady, whose nose was the least prominent feature in her platter-formed visage, he began to fidget and grunt and make such horrible contortions as induce his good natured neighbour to ask what ailed him. "Alas! my good lady," cried Turpin, with the utmost gravity of voice and demeanor, "I am a poor paralytic, who cannot use my hands; and here I have been sitting this full quarter of an hour without any one to blow my nose of which I am in urgent necessity." The answer, as may be anticipated—for women are ever compassionate—was a proposition to assist the sick man in his need. Turpin readily expressed his assent, and the fat lady, seeking his handkerchief in his pocket, lent herself to the operation, which she performed with all the simplicity imaginable, returning to the charge three several times, and making the church ring again with the crowing of his nostrils. Then, turning to the woman, and preserving the hypocritical tranquillity of his countenance and voice undisturbed, he asked her, "n'est il pas vrai, ma bonne dame, qu'il y a bien plus de plaisir à moucher un bon gros nez comme le mien, qu'un vilain chien de nez camard comme le votre?"—"and now tell me, my good charitable lady, is it not a much greater pleasure to blow such an handsome nose as mine, than to be fumbling at a miserable snub like your own?"

An adventure happened to a casual acquaintance of our own which without being a mystification had all the effect of one. This gentleman, a surgeon of much practice, residing in a seaport village in Hampshire, was one dark winter's night, about the "celebrated hour of twelve o'clock," (to borrow a phrase from a popular novel), called from his bed to visit a patient suddenly taken ill. "Languenda domus et plucens uxor" never reads worse than in the middle of a cold frosty night; but the surgeon (like all other surgeons) comforted himself with the thoughts of the double honorarium, "in that case provided;" and huddling on his clothes as fast as he could he descended in the dark to open the street door. On again closing it behind him, and proceeding a few paces down the

street, he felt himself suddenly seized by a vigorous grasp while the muzzle of a pistol pressed hard against his breast. His interlocutor, wrapped in an immense cloak, in no very silver tones desired him to follow, and, as he valued his life, to proceed in silence. At the turning of the street, a second man started forth from a projecting door-way, and in a low anxious whisper asked, "Have you got him?" "Got him," was the laconic reply, and the three passed on without farther speaking. Farther on another confederate joined them, and "have you got him?" was repeated in the same way, and produced the same brief half suppressed "Got him" as before. Thus they proceeded to the out-skirts of the village, where they met other men mounted and holding led horses. "Have you got him?" cried the horsemen under less restraint, and therefore in a louder key; "Got him," more freely breathed the inflexible conductor; and placing the terrified surgeon on the saddle of one of the led steeds, he got up behind him, and the whole company scoured away over fields, heaths, and bogs, occasionally reconnoitered and joined by scrutinizing videtts after the accustomed "Have you got him?" had assured them that they had "got him," and that all was right. The poor man's anxiety increasing at every step that led him farther from the "haunts of man," through ways which, though he perfectly knew the country, were still new to him, was now wound up to absolute despair; when suddenly the horsemen paused, and alighted at the door of a lone cottage, in which lay a wounded man stretched on a bed. The surgeon was dismounted and ordered to examine and dress the wound, and to prescribe directions for its management; which being done, the escort took to their horses again, and replacing the surgeon behind old "Got him," returned in the same order and with the same precaution as before. Towards break of day they arrived at the town's end, where "Got him," having first paid the surgeon handsomely for his night's work and threatened him with the severest vengeance if he spoke of his adventure, these "ugly customers" took their leave and departed. In this manner he was afterwards several times carried to visit his patient, till the convalescence of the sick man made his visits no longer necessary. It is scarcely necessary to add that the parties were smugglers who had an engagement with the Custom House officers, and that the secrecy of their proceedings arose from the fear of the man's situation leading to detection.

It would be difficult for the malice of the most practised mystifier to have given more pain than was inflicted on our friend the surgeon by this combination of events, arising out of the "social system" of our sea coasts; but, after all, nature and chance afford the outlines of our brightest inventions, and we are not to be surprised if they should sometimes succeed better than art in advancing them towards perfection.

BRIDAL MISTAKE. One of the most complete and singular bulls we remember to have heard, and which is likely to afford employment to the gentlemen of the long robe, has recently been committed in the county of Wicklow. We do not know that the subject has been noticed by the public prints, but we have no doubt as to the correctness of our information. Two gentlemen, brothers, were recently married on the same day, and the respective friends of each, with the brides and bridegrooms, determined to celebrate the happy event as jovially as possible. Accordingly, the whole party repaired to a house a short distance from Wicklow, where the day was spent in the usual style of Irish mirth: there being no lack of supply of the "generous grape" nor of the still more "generous native." At night the brides retired to rest: but dire mishap! in the morning it was discovered that each gentleman had gone to what was intended to be his brother's bed!—the ladies in the dark, and brother's voices strongly resembled each other, not having noticed the fatal error! We understand what particularly puzzled the lawyers, is, that one of the ladies possesses a fortune of £6,000, and the other one of £1,000, and the gentleman who married the lady with the latter fortune, wishes to keep possession of the lady with whom he slept, with the six thousand pounds, this his brother refuses to accede to; and in consequence, the whole affair is to be made public.

Liverpool Adc.

A "BEASTLY" BUSINESS. A fact has been mentioned to us, by a gentleman in whom we repose perfect confidence, which illustrates, in as ludicrous a manner as ever before came to our knowledge, the ruinous consequences of INTemperance. A man pretty well advanced in years, residing in Spartanburg District, South Carolina, who is habitually addicted to intoxication, being, a few weeks since, about trading a horse to a stranger, who was to call on a certain day and view him, and wishing the animal, which was rather poor, to make as respectable an appearance as possible, directed his son to wet up some meal, oats, &c. to give the horse, to "swell him out;" in pursuance of these directions the son, who, like the father, had "a drop in his eye," got the meal, &c. and took a bowl (as he then thought) of water to "wet up the feed," but instead of water, the bowl contained whiskey, from which the old man had been taking copious potations. The consequence of this mistake was that shortly after the horse had eaten the mess, he became as drunk as his master; he would caper about the yard, fall down, jump up again, and exhibit every species of fantastic trick which it were possible for a horse to go through: He finally ran into the dwelling-house, (the door being open,) and there renewing, before his inebriated master, his odd capers, the old man became very much frightened,—imagining, on the spur of the moment,

that Beelzebub himself had called on him,—and seizing an axe, beat the horse's brains out. Thus the life of a noble animal was sacrificed by the stupidity of his drunken master.

Western Carolinian.

Theo. Gibber in company with 3 other bonvivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—the second a glass eye—the third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach; and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every halting place, they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint—and, as the countrymen stood gaping round, when they first alighted, "od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints!" "Why dom me," says a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, the fourth better than all the rest. In short language cannot express how admirably they squinted; for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumbling about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man re-assumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them.—When they were ready to go to bed, Gibber called out to the waiter,—"Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir?" said the man. "Aye, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and you'll find they'll come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out "here, you, take out my eye." "Lord, Sir," said the waiter, "your eye?" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "here, you rascal, take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being apprized before that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was however mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, lying upon the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing, that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

Pig-Tail for Ever. Original letter from a Sailor to his brother in London.

"Warren Hastings Indiaman, Gravesend, March 24, 1826.
"Dear Brother Tom—This cumms hopes to find you in good health as it leaves me safe anchored here yesterday at 2 P. M. after a pleasant voyage tolerable short and few squalls—Dear Tom, hopes to find poor old Father Stout, and am quite out of pig-tail—Sights of pig-tail at Graves end, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to chor—Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this and put pig-tail in his pocket when best—Best in London at the black boy in 7 diles, where go, asks for the best pig-tail—pound pig-tail will do and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts only took two whereof one is quite worn out, tatter most, but don't forget the pig-tail as I had not a quid to chor never since Thursday—Dear Tom, as for the shirts your size will do only longer—I like um long—get one at present, best at Tower Hill, and cheap—but be particular to go to seven diles for the pig-tail, at the black boy and Hear Tom asks for Pound best pig-tail, and let it be good pig-tail, so ty it up—Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday or thereabouts.—Not so particular for the shirt, as the present can be washed but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother.
"P. S.—Don't forget the pig-tail."
[London paper.

ASKED. Rumour says, and whether truly or not the story is a good one, that a country looking fellow went into a merchant's store to drive a trade; after buying a few articles, he was very sorry he could not trade more, and said he should have been able to do so, but he had unluckily been caught with a considerable sum of Eagle money on hand. The merchant of course was very sorry for his misfortune, but in the course of the conversation Jonathan let it out rather slyly that his Eagle money was half dollar pieces with only the Eagle stamped on them. The merchant caught at it, and thinking he had a green horn to deal with, was so sorry for Jonathan that in order to accommodate him he agreed to take all his Eagle money and pay half in trade and half in good money; which was done accordingly. But after Jonathan had left the store and the merchant was taking a second look at his great bargain, he happened to discover that all his Eagle half dollars were counterfeit.

THE CAUSE. A Physician, the other day, called upon a patient subject to frequent and severe attacks of the Gout. The painful visitant had left him and he was enjoying himself over his wine with great conviviality. "Doctor," he exclaimed, "I am very glad to see you; you have just come in time to taste this bottle of Madeira, it is the first of a pipe that is just broached." "Ah," exclaimed the doctor, "these pipes of Madeira will never do, they are the cause of all your sufferings." "Well, then," rejoined the other, "fill your glass, for now that we have found the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

It so happened that a short time since, three gentlemen and their respective wives met at a table together, whose united children amounted to thirty-nine. "We might call them the thirty-nine articles," said one of the gentlemen. "You might so," said a lady who was present, "but I suppose no one would subscribe to them but ourselves."

REMEDY FOR A LEAK. An Irishman on board a pinnace, which leaked at sea, set about boring a hole through the bottom, as he observed, to let out the water.

PRODUCTION OF THE PRESS. An Irish handbill was printed in Dublin, of which the following is a copy: "In the Press, and will speedily be published by subscription, a large Cheese; price, to subscribers, twopence a pound.
"N. B.—This is the first Cheshire cheese ever made in Ireland."

NEW GOODS.

ASA BARTON, AGENT.

HAS just received on consignment, a much larger and more extensive assortment of GOODS than he has ever before had, viz:

Broadclothes; Cassimeres; Salicettes; Denmark Satins; Bombazettes; Carolina Plaids; white and coloured Jeans; Grandurelles; Duck, an excellent article for men's and boys' Trowsers; Brown Linen; Russia Diaper; Oil Cloth; Vestings, a complete assortment; Dimities; black and coloured Cambrics; Brown Cambric, for ladies' Bonnets; Valencia Mantles; Valencia and Cotton Shawls; English Gingham; striped and stamped Muslins, elegant Patterns; Gingham and Muslin Gown Patterns; white Cambric; book and figured Muslins; cambric and Jacksonet Muslin; Cravats of different kinds, and cheap; flag, silk, cotton, bird's eye, gauze, embossed, flowered, fancy, and imitation Handkerchiefs; Swiss muslin Points; Ruffs; Frills; Laces; Parasols; white press'd Cape; green Cape and Gauze, for Veils; black, white, and green Veils; inserting Trimmings; silk Braids; piping and Lafayette Cords; Gimps; Ladies' worsted and cotton Hose; Gentlemen's half Hose; Ladies' black, white silk, and leather Gloves; gauze, garniture, and other Ribbons—making a very complete assortment.

Also, 50 Pieces of CALICOES—making almost every variety of figure and price, from one shilling to 3s. 6d. per yard; Cape Drassee; black and coloured Capes, for Gowns; Silk, &c.; Threads; Tapes; and a large variety of other small articles—Rattan, &c. &c.

Also—Sheetings; Shirtings; Gingham; Cheeks and Stripes; Cotton Yarn, from 8 to 16; blue Yarn; Flannels; Tickings, &c.

Likewise—Looking Glasses; Block-tin Tea Pots; Flat-Irons; Carving Knives and Forks; iron and plated table and tea Spoons; Shears and Scissors; Snuffers and Trays; Block-tin Faucets; Coat and Vest Buttons; real good and common Whips; Wire; Razors, from 25 cents to \$1.50; Razor Strops; Jack and Penknives; glass and pearl Buttons; silver, steel, and brass Thimbles; Pins; Needles; paper Folders; Scales; Dividers; Protractors; Cases Mathematical Instruments; Carpenters' Rules; Shaving Brush and Boxes; good and common Shaving Soap; Castile, rose, violet, and lavender Soap; Wash Balls; Black-Ball; Blacking; Pomatum; slate, lead, and camels hair Pencils; Inkstands; sand Boxes and Sand; Wafers; Sealing Wax; Ink-Powder; Quills; hair, head, and pocket Combs; glass Beads; Spectacles, suitable for all ages, some of a high finish; with many other articles—all of which will be sold on the most favourable terms for cash. June 1.

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Webster's and Goodale's SPELLING BOOKS; the Young SERRAVALLO'S FIRST BOOK—with most other kinds of SCHOOL BOOKS—wholesale or retail. June 8.

WOOL CARDING, and CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the Public, that he has taken the FULLING MILL and CARDING MACHINES, owned by Col. H. R. PARSONS, at the South Village in Paris, where he intends carrying on

CARDING WOOL & DRESSING CLOTH with neatness and despatch. A liberal Credit will be given, and all kinds of Country Produce, Wool, or Woollen Clothes will be taken in payment, and upon as good terms as can be done in the country.

He flatters himself that by the engagement of experienced workmen, and having followed the business himself for 9 years, he shall be entitled to a share of public patronage.

Also—Wants to purchase from One to Two Thousand Yards of FLANNEL CLOTH, made of common Wool, spun from 4 to 5 skeins to the pound, well made for Fulling—for which Cash will be paid.

DANIEL PARSONS.

Paris, May, 1826.

I, the subscriber, hereby certify, that I have assisted in the repairs of the above Carding Machines, and it is my opinion that they are in order to make as good ROLLS as any in the State.

99 6w LEWIS COLL.

SALT RHEUM.

THIS infernal disease which has so long baffled the art of the most experienced Physicians, has at length found a sovereign remedy, in

DR. LA GRANGE'S GENUINE Ointment.

Few Cutaneous diseases are met with more reluctance by the Physician, and none in which he is so universally unsuccessful.

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